AMERICAN COMICS GROUP
ACG

SCREWBALLS IN SKIRTS!

AMERICAN COMICS GROUP
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No 5
MAY-
JUNE

DOGS

10¢

BUT OFFICER, I'M NOT SMOKING!

NO PARKING

P.D.

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IN A SENSATIONAL SMASH COMICS MAGAZINE THAT'S TURNED THE TOWN TOPSY-TURVY!

The KILROYS

HOT OFF THE PRESS AND A BOMBSHELL OF BELLY-LAFFS ... SO BUY YOUR COPY Now! LATCH ON TO "NATCH", THE TERRIFIC TEEN-AGER! MEET JUDY, HIS LITTLE LOVIN' OVEN ... JACKSON, THE DOWNBEAT ATOM BOMB ... AND MOM AND POP KILROY, IN PERSON!
THEY'RE ALL ON HAND FOR GIGGLES! SO IF YOU WANT TO SAY KILROY WAS HERE, AND MEAN IT,

Read The KILROYS

America's Funniest Family!

10¢ ON ALL STANDS and YOU'D BETTER HURRY!

MORONICA

"MISS NITWIT OF 1953"

WOT THE--? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO HAVE A **MONKEY** ON THE END OF THAT STRING! ARE YOU **CRAZY**, TONY?

CRAZY LIKE A **FOX**! DIS-A KID TAKE-A IN **TWICE** AS MUCH MON' AS DA MONK!

I'M ALWAYS **MAKING** A MONKEY OUT OF MYSELF-- SO I FIGURED I MIGHT AS WELL GET **PAID** FOR IT!

C'MON, MONK! DIS-A GOOD NEIGHBORHOOD TO MAKE-A DA DOUGH! PLENTY APARTMENTS--SO START-A CLIMB UP TO WINDOWS!

OH, MARIE-- OH, MARIE

YEEEK! SQUAREE!

WHY, WHAT A **CUTE** LITTLE **BOY**!

DIZZY DAMES, published bi-monthly and copyright, 1953, by B. & M. Distributing Co., Inc., 1250 Camden Ave. S. W., Canton 6, Ohio. Editorial offices, 45 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y. Richard E. Hughes, Editor; Frederick H. Iger, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), $1.20; single copies, $0.10; foreign postage extra. For advertising information, address American Comics Group, 45 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y. All characters are fictitious and use of any real names is coincidental. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Canton, Ohio. No. 5, May-June, 1953.
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EEEK! SQUAREEK!

HM? OH, THE CUP! NOW I UNDERSTAND!

?

YOU'RE THIRSTY! WELL, HERE, YOU POOR LITTLE THING!

?

?

NOW JUST A SEC-- I'LL GET YOU CREAM AND SUGAR!

OH, DEAR, I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING! HONESTLY, I AM STUPID! I'VE MADE A HORRIBLE MISTAKE!

I GAVE HIM COFFEE-- AND LITTLE BOYS SHOULD HAVE MILK! NOW GIVE ME BACK THE COFFEE, SONNY, AND I'LL -- WHY, HE'S GONE!

SO YOU BACK, EH, JOCKO? FINE! FINE!

YOU GOOD-A BOY! YOU BRING-A TONY DA DOUGH! YESSIR, YOU-A DA GOOD...

PSSST! REMEMBER THE ROUTINE! WE DO A HAND STAND NOW!

I'M DOIN' IT!

HMM... THE BOYS LOOK A LITTLE SLOPPY TONIGHT!

HEY, DENNY! HOW DO I GET BACK DOWN?

GET OFF MY HEAD!

WOT TH... THOSE TWO ARE CHANGING THEIR ACT!

HAW! HAW!

OW!

BONK!

WHAT AN ACT! HO-HO-HO!

ULP! YOU OKAY, DOTTY?

I THINK SO!

HAW! HAW! HAW!

THOSE TWO HAVE A GREAT NEW ACT! THEY AREN'T DOING ANY ACROBATICS, BUT THEY'RE AS FUNNY AS ALL GET-OUT!

SHARLIE! VE VORGOT! ARE VE TOO LADE TO DO OUR ACT? AS ZOON AS VE REMEMBERED, VE CAME RIGHT BACK!

HOLY HANNAH! IT'S SCHMALTZ AND SCHNAPPS!

HA-HA-HA!

OF COURSE IT'S US! YOU VERE EXPECTING MAYBE PICK UND PAT?

WELL, IF YOU'RE HERE, WHO'S OUT THERE DOING YOUR ACT?

VOT?? DEY'RE IMPOSTERS! FAKERS HAVE STOLEN OUR ACT, UND OUR COSTUMES TOO!

DON'T JUST SHTAND DERE, DUMKOPF! GRAB DEM!

?

HOLY JUMPIN' CATFISH-- IT'S THE GUYS THAT **OWN** THIS OUTFIT! IF THEY GET US, IT'LL BE **TOO BAD!**

RATS! PEEGS! OFF MIT DER COSTUME, ACT-STEALERS!

GET 'EM DOTTY!

WHOOSH!

GOT 'EM!

WHOP!

:GULP: NOW LET'S GET **OUTA** HERE! IF THEY EVER FIND OUT WHO'S **IN** THIS THING, I HATE TO THINK WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO US!

HEY, WHAT **GIVES? WE AREN'T MOVIN'!**

THE **OTHER** GUY'S GRABBED MY **TAIL!**

OH. NO YOU DON'T!

LEGGO, BUSTER!

I **VON'T** LET GO! YOU **GET OUOT!**

WON'T LEGGO, HUH? OKAY, **NEITHER WILL I!**

OW-OW-OW! MY NOSE! OW-ITCH!

NOW LET'S SCRAM OUTA HERE!

OKAY, BUT I'M NOT LETTIN' GO OF THIS GUY OR HE'LL GET US!

OW-OW-OW!

DIS TIME I GET YOU!

YIPE! IT'S THE OTHER ONE NOW!

OO-HOOO-HOOO! MINE SCHNOZZ! MINE POOR SCHNOZZ!

HE'S GOT A CLUB, DENNY!

OH, GOLLY, HE'S GAINING ON US! THEY BOTH ARE!

HEY! THE TRAPEZE! HANG ON, DOTTY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

ZOOOM!

WHOOSH!

ZZ-ZIP!

BONK!
ZOOM!
POP!
HOLY SMOKE! IT'S THOSE TWO CRAZY USHERETTES!
VIMMIN! TWO VIMMEN SHTOLE OUR ACT!
N-NOW, DON'T BE MAD!
YEAH! DON'T TRY ANY ROUGH STUFF WITH US!
TERRIFIC! MORE SENSATIONAL!
? ? ? ?
SCHMALTZ, DER AUDIENCE IS CHEERING! DEY T'INK VE ALL PUT DIS ACT ON ON BURPOSE!
SCHNAPPS, VE'VE DONE IT! MIT DESE LADIES IN OUR ACT UND DOING ALL DIS SHTUFF, VE'LL BE FAMOUS! HEADLINERS!
So, minutes later...
SO HOW ABOUT IT, GIRLS? A FOUR-VAY PARTNERSHIP, EH?
YOU CAN BE DER BOSSES -- YOU THOUGHT UP DER ACT! DAT IS GOOT, NICHT WAHR?
SUCH COMEDY!
SORRY, FELLAS, BUT THE ANSWER'S NO! IT WOULDN'T WORK!
THAT'S RIGHT!
BUT WHY NOT?
'CAUSE WE'RE SO BRUISED UP NOW WE CAN HARDLY WALK!
SO WE'LL HAVE TO GET INTO SHOW BUSINESS AN EASIER WAY!
THE END

Woman of Mystery

"YOU MEAN...YOU mean you really *fascinated* him?" Clara asked.

Millie looked up from her typewriter and smiled a slow, superior smile. "I enchanted him! I *enslaved* him!" she replied, examining a spot where her nail polish had chipped a bit. "I told you I could get any man I wanted by following my simple method!"

"Gosh! Tell me about it! What happened? How'd you do it?"

Millie looked pityingly at Clara, for she, Millie, considered herself a woman of the world, while Clara was nothing but a poor helpless creature with little or no understanding of... men!

The girls had long discussions about men at their jobs and over the lunch counter. Clara was of the opinion that the only way to snare a man was to wait for one to turn up and then to hope that he'd keep turning up. But Millie, checking to see that every curl was in place on her blonde, giddy head, had another theory entirely.

"*Mystery!*" she maintained. "Be a woman of mystery and that'll make him wonder about you...who you are...what you're really like...you know, the real you! So I did it... last night!"

Clara poked two sticks of gum into her mouth and listened enthralled as Millie began to recount her romantic triumph. "So I went to this party at my girl friend Ruby's house last night. I wore my black. With perfume. At first, none of the guys looked like anything to me and then, *he* came in! Roy! Is he handsome!"

Here, Millie paused dramatically and looked at her left hand, obviously seeing a large diamond ring on her engagement finger.

"So?" Clara urged her, chewing her gum hard.

"So it was *easy!* I asked him all about himself. He's a salesman. Haberdashery. I found out his name, age and occupation and that he's free! No strings, like a girl or something! Then, I went to work!"

"Yeah?" Clara hitched her chair closer to Millie, so as not to miss a word of the fateful story.

"He asked me my name, so I answered in the words of the poet, 'What's in a name, huh?' He wanted to know where I come from, what I do, do I have a steady boy friend, everything!"

"What'd you say?" Millie asked eagerly.

"I answered him, but I didn't *tell* him anything. I was surrounding myself in a veil of romance, see? And I could tell that he was getting more and more interested in me, so I laid it on thick and..."

"Ladies!" The boss' sarcastic voice came from behind the girls, making them jump to their typewriters. "May I remind you that this is a business office where you are, theoretically, employed to *work?*"

The girls' hands flew over the typewriter keys. But when the boss had slammed his office door shut, Millie stopped her typing and said, "Him! Who cares for him? Soon, I'll be away from all this, with Roy, married..."

"Honest?" Clara was so impressed that her mouth hung open, endangering the gum. "When are you gonna see him again?"

Suddenly, Millie's mouth hung open, too. "I...I never thought of that," she stammered at last. "I d...didn't tell him my name or anything! Maybe...maybe..."

"Maybe you were *too* mysterious!" Clara said smugly, resuming her typing.

SCREWBALL SAL

-- AND THAT, STUDENTS, COMPLETES MY *TWO-HOUR LECTURE* ON THE ECONOMIC SYSTEM OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE! -- ANY *QUESTIONS?*

YES--WILL YOU *REPEAT* IT, PLEASE?

REPEAT IT?

YESSIR--I DIDN'T GET IT!

YOUNG LADY, ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME THAT YOU DIDN'T UNDERSTAND *ONE WORD I SAID?*

WHY, OF *COURSE* NOT! I NEVER SAID *ANY SUCH THING!*

I *DID* UNDERSTAND ONE WORD YOU SAID-- THE VERY *FIRST* ONE! IT WAS "*STUDENTS*"! *THAT* I UNDERSTOOD!

BUT *AFTER* THAT-- *NOTHING!*

SO WILL YOU PLEASE REPEAT EVERYTHING-- YOU SAID AFTER THE WORD "STUDENTS"?

BOOM!

NO, I WON'T, BECAUSE IT WOULDN'T DO *ANY GOOD!* YOU'RE *FLUNKED OUT* OF THIS CLASS, UNDERSTAND? *THROUGH! FINISHED! WASHED UP!*

WELL, YOU CERTAINLY FIXED YOURSELF GOOD *THAT* TIME, SAL! WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT?

WHAT? AND NEVER *EAT* AGAIN?

ECONOMICS

OH, NEVER MIND-- *SKIP IT!*-- YOU REALIZE, OF COURSE, THAT FLUNKING THAT CLASS MEANS YOU DON'T BECOME A SOPHOMORE WITH THE REST OF US NEXT YEAR! IN SHORT, YOU STAY A *FRESHMAN!*

OH, *GOLLY*, THAT'S *RIGHT!*

:BAW: THAT MEAN OLD PROFESSOR HAS RUINED MY WHOLE COLLEGE CAREER-- AND FOR NO REASON! FOR ABSOLUTELY *NO REASON AT ALL!*

FOR *NO REASON*, SHE SAYS!

WAIT! I'VE *GOT* IT, SAL! WE CAN HIRE SOMEONE TO *TUTOR* YOU EVENINGS, SO YOU CAN MAKE UP THAT FLUNKED CLASS!

THAT TAKES *MONEY*-- AND I HAVEN'T GOT ANY! :SNIFF:

OKAY! SO YOU GET A JOB AND *EARN* IT!

A JOB? WHERE?

AT THE *CAMPUS RESTAURANT!* THEY HIRE STUDENTS ALL THE TIME!

WOW! THAT'S FOR ME, PAL! THANKS FOR THE IDEA! *'BYE NOW!*

So--

O! I'M A STUDENT HERE AT KITSY COLLEGE--AND I'D LIKE TO GET A PART-TIME JOB!

I SEE! HAVE YOU HAD ANY *EXPERIENCE?*

NO, BUT I'VE HAD *MEASLES!*

WHAT FOR?

I BEG YOUR PARDON!

BECAUSE I-- YOU-- I---

ER--MAYBE WE'D BETTER START OVER! LET'S SEE, YOU WANT A JOB! VERY WELL, WE NEED A YOUNG LADY TO *WAIT ON THE COUNTER!* WOULD YOU LIKE THAT?

WELL, I'D RATHER WAIT ON *PEOPLE* -- BUT OKAY!

HMM... MIGHT BE BETTER IF YOU WAITED ON TABLES! FOLLOW ME TO THE KITCHEN, AND I'LL GET YOU A UNIFORM!

So, a few minutes later...

NOW WE'RE ALL SET, SAL! THOSE ARE YOUR TABLES RIGHT OVER THERE!

YES'M!

MISS, WOULD YOU PLEASE TAKE MY ORDER?

WHY, I'D *LOVE* TO!

WHERE DO YOU WANT ME TO TAKE IT?

WHERE DO I WANT-- *NOPLACE!* I HAVEN'T *GOT* IT YET!

WELL, JUST AS SOON AS YOU *DO* GET IT, LET ME KNOW AND I'LL *GLADLY* TAKE IT!

COME BACK HERE!

NO DOUBT THIS WILL COME AS A SURPRISE TO YOU-- BUT I'M NOT GOING TO *GET* MY ORDER UNLESS *YOU BRING* IT TO ME! NOW, WILL YOU GET ME SOMETHING TO EAT, OR *NOT?*

WELL, GOLLY-- YES!

FINE! BRING ME A *BIG, RARE STEAK*-- AND MAKE IT *FAST!*

YES, *SIR!*

MAN OUT THERE WANTS A *RARE STEAK!*

ONE RARE STEAK WORKING!

HERE IT IS, SIS!

THAT STEAK ISN'T *RARE!* IT LOOKS JUST LIKE *ANY OTHER STEAK!*

LISTEN, GIRLIE, I KNOW A RARE STEAK WHEN I SEE IT-- AND *THAT STEAK'S RARE!*

IT IS *NOT!* WHEN ANYTHING'S *RARE*, IT MEANS THERE'S VERY FEW *LIKE* IT -- AND I'VE SEEN A *MILLION* STEAKS LIKE THIS!

YOU'RE CRAZIER THAN A *QUILT!* NOW WILL YOU SERVE THAT STEAK OR *NOT?*

NO! IT'S NOT WHAT THE MAN *ORDERED!*

WHERE'S THE MANAGER? I WANT THE MANAGER!

?

GOOD GRIEF, WHAT'S THE *MATTER*, PIERRE?

THIS NITWIT YOU HIRED REFUSES TO SERVE THIS STEAK -- BECAUSE SHE THINKS A *RARE STEAK* IS SUPPOSED TO BE SOMETHING LIKE A *RARE COIN*!

WHERE'S MY STEAK?

SAL, PICK UP THAT STEAK AND SERVE IT THIS *INSTANT*! THE MAN'S *SCREAMING* FOR IT!

WELL, ALL RIGHT...

AS MANAGER OF THIS RESTAURANT, I WISH TO APOLOGIZE FOR THE DELAY, SIR! THERE WAS A SLIGHT MIXUP IN THE KITCHEN!

VERY WELL -- BUT *NOW* I HAVE AN IMPORTANT CALL TO MAKE -- SO YOU'LL HAVE TO KEEP IT *WARM* FOR ME UNTIL I GET BACK!

SAL, KEEP THE GENTLEMAN'S STEAK WARM UNTIL HE FINISHES HIS CALL!

KEEP IT *WARM*? OH, WELL -- *OKAY*!

Minutes later---

HOLY SMOKE! WHAT'S THAT ON MY *STEAK*?

IT'S YOUR *SCARF*! I PUT IT ON THE STEAK TO KEEP IT *NICE AND WARM* FOR YOU!

CAMPUS RESTAURANT

YOU'RE *FIRED*!

And so--

HI, SAL! SAY -- I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO GET A JOB SO YOU COULD PAY A TUTOR AND BECOME A SOPHOMORE WITH THE REST OF US!

THAT'S RIGHT -- BUT THE LADY AT THE CAMPUS RESTAURANT CONVINCED ME I SHOULD *STAY A FRESHMAN*!

THE END

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HA-HA! HO-HO!

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★ ★ ★

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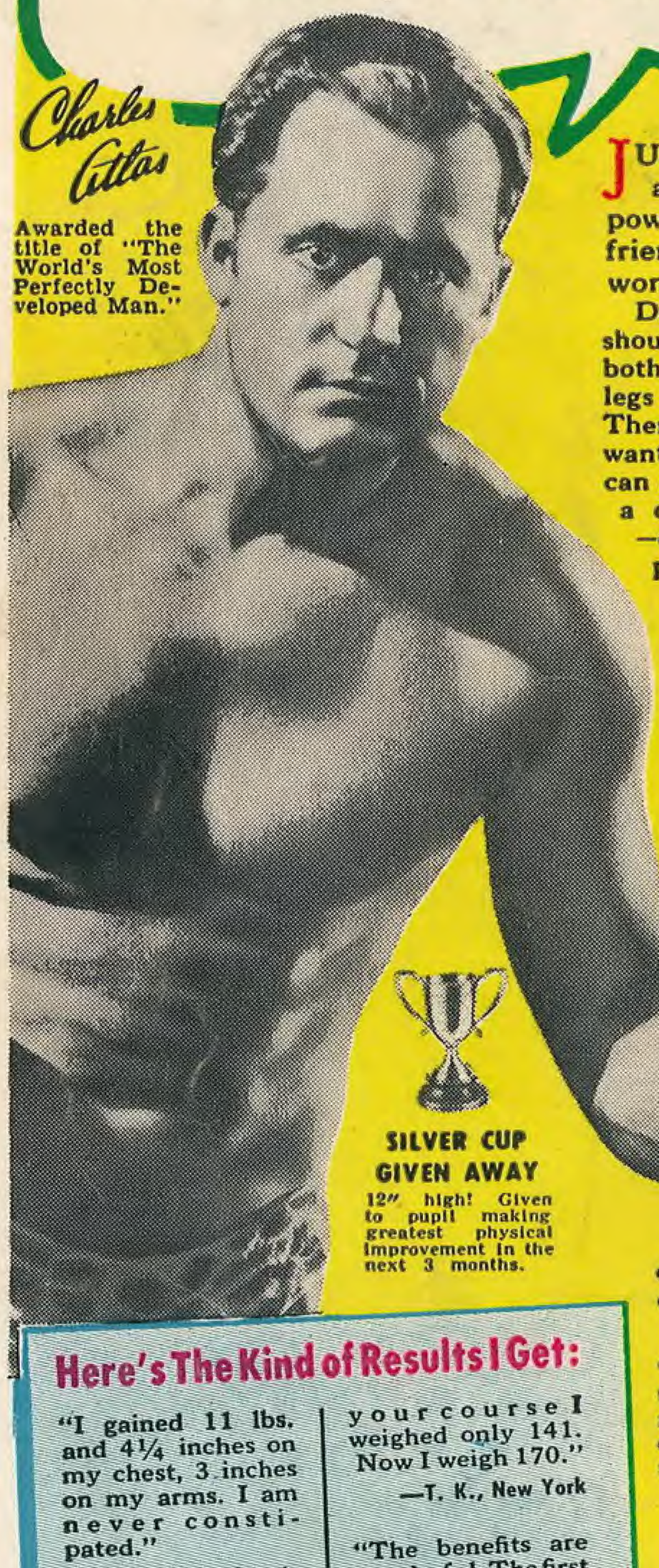

Charles Atlas

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- Do you want to lose or gain weight?

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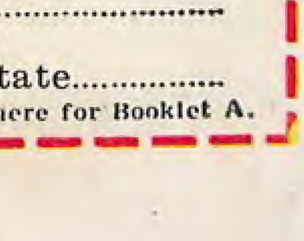

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